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MEDICAL LORE

IN THE OLDER ENGLISH DRAMATISTS AND POETS (EXCLUSIVE OF SHAKESPEARE).

READ BEFORE THE
HISTORICAL CLUB OF THE JOHNS HOPKINS HOSPITAL,
MAY 13, 1895.

BY

ROBERT FLETCHER, M.D.

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[From BULLETIN OF THE JOHNS HOPKINS HOSPITAL,
May-June, 1895.]

MEDICAL LORE

IN THE OLDER ENGLISH DRAMATISTS AND POETS (EXCLUSIVE OF SHAKESPEARE).*

BY ROBERT FLETCHER, M. D.

Upon hearing the title of this paper it may, perhaps, excite your surprise that Shakespeare should be specifically excluded from the list of authors, since his plays abound in allusions to medical matters. But everything relating to the special lines of knowledge of that unequaled writer has been so thoroughly investigated, every allusion to medicine, law, religion, folk-lore, flowers, birds or animals, has been so worked into essay or book, that there is nothing which could now be said that would not seem trite or stale. There is half a column of references to the literature treating of medicine in Shakespeare in the Index Catalogue of the National Medical Library, and still there comes from time to time some journal from the Far West—an Oklahoma Medical Clarion, perchance—with the familiar title in its table of contents of "Shakespeare's medical knowledge," or "Remarks on Hamlet's madness from a psychological standpoint."

In the course of a somewhat miscellaneous reading, aside from professional studies, it has been my custom through many years to copy passages relating to medical subjects, and it is from the rather opulent collection which has been thus formed that I have selected some readings for to-night, which I trust may be found novel and entertaining and possessed of some interest from a historical point of view. It is difficult

* Read before the Historical Club of the Johns Hopkins Hospital, May 13, 1895.

to put such disjointed material into any workmanlike shape, and you will kindly make allowance for the species of mosaic work submitted to you. It would be an easy matter to take an author's works, or a single play, and read out all the medical allusions to be found therein, but I have thought it better to select certain subjects to be illustrated by quotations. The first subject will be the condition of medicine generally in what is termed the Elizabethan period, and the estimation in which its practitioners were held by the people; next, early references to the venereal disease and its treatment, and lastly, some miscellaneous curiosities of therapeutics and the like. I shall not trouble you with extracts relating to materia medica merely; they are very numerous, and one division of the subject, which I may term the Witches' Pharmacopœia, and which is extremely curious, would alone occupy the canonical hour of your evening.

It is perhaps not an unfair test of the popular repute in which a profession is held to observe how its members figure in the novels and plays of the period. Certainly in the works of the great novelists of our own time the doctor appears in a most admirable light. He may be eccentric, but is always benevolent, and sometimes skillful beyond the power of attainment of any living physician. Judged by this standard, the average doctor of the sixteenth century was a compound of ignorance and knavery, with an occasional dash of pedantry. In all the literature of the period in question I cannot call to mind a decided instance to the contrary. If he be not a charlatan or a pedant he is merely a lay-figure in a doctor's gown and cap, like the physician in Macbeth.

In 1629 there was published in London a curious volume entitled: "Micro-cosmographie, or a piece of the world discovered in essays and characters." It was an anonymous production, but the author was Dr. John Earle, afterward Bishop of Salisbury. Among his "characters" he has a physician and surgeon, and it must be admitted that they are not models of ethical conduct. Of the physician he says:

"His practice is some businesse at bed-sides, and his speculation an Urinall. Hee is distinguisht from an Empericke by a round velvet cap, and Doctors gowne, yet no man takes degrees more superfluously, for he is Doctor howsoever. He

is sworne to *Galen* and *Hypocrates*, as University men to their statutes, though they never saw them, and his discourse is all Aphorisms, though his reading be onely *Alexis* of Piemont, or the Regiment of Health. The best cure he ha's done is upon his own purse, which from a leane sickliness he hath made lusty, and in flesh. His learning consists much in reckoning up the hard names of diseases, and the superscriptions of Gallypots in his Apothecaries Shoppe, which are rank't in his shelves and the Doctors memory. He is indeed only languag'd in diseases, and speakes Greeke many times when he knows not. If he have beene but a by-stander at some desperate recovery, he is slandered with it, though he be guiltelesse; and this breeds his reputation, and that his Practice; for his skill is meerly opinion. Of all odors he likes best the smell of Urine, and holds *Vespatians* rule, that no gaine is unsavory. If you send this once to him, you must resolve to be sick howsoever, for he will never leave examining your Water till hee have shakt it into a disease. Then follows a writ to his drugger in a strange tongue, which hee understands though he cannot conster. If he see you himselfe, his presence is the worst visitation; for if he cannot heale your sickness, he will bee sure to helpe it. Hee translates his Apothecaries Shop into your Chamber, and the very Windowes and benches must take Phisicke."

As a rule, the physician of those times was a more flourishing man than the surgeon. There are proverbial expressions which indicate the general prosperity of the former. In a play by George Chapman, All Fools, 1605, III, 1, there is such an instance:

> **Heaven, heaven, I see these politicians**
> **(Out of blind fortune's hands) are our most fools.**
> **'Tis she that gives the lustre to their wits,**
> **Still plodding at traditional devices;**
> **But take 'em out of them to present actions,**
> **A man may grope and tickle 'em like a trout,**
> **And take 'em from their close dear holes as fat**
> **As a physician.**

Of the surgeon he says:

"A Surgeon is one that has some business about his Building or little house of man, whereof Nature is as it were the

Tyler, and hee the Playsterer. It is ofter out of reparations than an old Parsonage, and then he is set on worke to patch it againe. Hee deales most with broken Commodities, as a broken Head, or a mangled face, and his gaines are very ill got, for he lives by the hurts of the Common-wealth. He differs from a Physitian as a sore do's from a disease, or the sicke from those that are not whole, the one distempers you within, and the other blisters you without. He complaines of the decay of Valour in these daies, and sighes for that slashing Age of Sword and Buckler; and thinkes the Law against Duels was made meerly to wound his Vocation. Hee had beene long since undone, if the charitie of the Stewes had not relieved him, from whom he ha's his Tribute as duely as the Pope, or a wind-fall sometimes from a Taverne, if a quart Pot hit right. The rareness of his custome mak[e]s him pittilesse when it comes: and he holds a Patient longer than our Courts a Cause. Hee tells you what danger you had beene in if he had staide but a minute longer, and though it be but a prickt finger, hee makes of it much matter."

Beaumont and Fletcher frequently introduce medical consultations in their plays, and "a physician" or "a surgeon" is nearly always to be found in the persons of the drama. It must be admitted, however, that those great writers had no admiration for the medical men of their time. They represent them either as pretenders or pedants, and they are held up to ridicule accordingly. In the play of Monsieur Thomas, 1639, II, 1, Francesco is taken with a fainting fit, and is cared for at first by his friends. One of them, Valentine, says:

> Come, lead him in; he shall to bed; a vomit,
> I'll have a vomit for him.
> *Alice.* A purge first;
> And if he breath'd a vein—
> *Val.* No, no, no bleeding;
> A clyster will cool all.

In scene 4 the same patient is the subject of a consultation:

> *Enter three physicians with an urinal.*
> *First Phys.* A pleurisy I see it.
> *Sec. Phys.* I rather hold it
> For *tremor cordis.*

Third Phys. Do you mark the fæces?
'Tis a most pestilent contagious fever;
A surfeit, a plaguy surfeit; he must bleed.
First Phys. By no means.
Third Phys. I say, bleed.
First Phys. I say 'tis dangerous,
The person being spent so much beforehand,
And nature drawn so low; clysters, cool clysters.
Sec. Phys. Now, with your favours, I should think a vomit,
For take away the cause, the effect must follow;
The stomach's foul and furr'd, the pot's unphlegm'd yet.
Third Phys. No, no, we'll rectify that part by mild means;
Nature so sunk must find no violence.

The third doctor, who proposes bleeding, objects to the emetic as a violent remedy. The expression that "the pot's unphlegm'd yet" would appear to mean that no phlegm appearing in the pot, it was to be supposed still in the stomach.

In the next act, Francesco, whose sole complaint is hapless love, is discovered in bed, the three physicians, reinforced by an apothecary, endeavoring to apply their remedies.

First Phys. Clap on the cataplasm.
Francesco. Good gentlemen—
Sec. Phys. And see those broths there
Ready within this hour.—Pray keep your arms in.
The air is raw, and ministers much evil.
Fran. Pray, leave me; I beseech ye, leave me, gentlemen;
I have no other sickness but your presence;
Convey your cataplasms to those that need 'em,
Your vomits, and your clysters.
Third Phys. Pray, be rul'd, Sir.
First Phys. Bring in the lettice-cap.—You must be shav'd, Sir,
And then how suddenly we'll make you sleep.

The commentators have discussed in their ponderous manner the meaning of the "lettice-cap" in the foregoing passage. They suggest a lettice or lattice cap, one of open work, which is absurd; there was a fur, too, called letice, but this would not cool the heated head. There is no doubt that lettuce leaves were applied to the shaven head as an appropriate remedy; the hypnotic effect of the plant was much vaunted in those times. Its use, as well as that of its active principle,

lactucarium, has gone by, but in country places in England a like treatment is still employed, and plantain leaves or a cabbage leaf with the morning dew on it is thought to be cooling to the head of a delirious person.

There is a play by Middleton, A Fair Quarrel, 1613, IV, 2, in which a surgeon is introduced, whose obstinate pedantry is amusingly contrasted with the impatient anger of the patient's sister. The Colonel lies wounded on his bed. His sister begins the interview:

Col.'s Sist. Come hither, honest surgeon, and deal faithfully with a distressed virgin; what hope is there?

Surgeon. Hope? chilis was scap'd miraculously, lady.

Col.'s Sist. What's that, sir?

Surg. Cava vena; I care but little for his wound i' th' œsophag, not thus much, trust me; but when they come to diaphragma once, the small intestines, or the spinal medul, or i' th' roots of the emunctories of the noble parts, then straight I fear a syncope; the flanks retiring towards the back, the urine bloody, the excrements purulent, and the dolour pricking or pungent.

Col.'s Sist. Alas, I'm ne'er the better for this answer.

Surg. Now I must tell you his principal dolour lies i' th' region of the liver, and there's both inflammation and tumefaction feared; marry, I make him a quadrangular plumation, where I used sanguis draconis, by my faith, with powders incarnative, which I tempered with oil of hypericon, and other liquors mundificative.

Col.'s Sist. Pox a' your mundies frigatives! I would they were all fired!

Surg. But I purpose, lady, to make another experiment at next dressing with a sarcotic medicament made of iris of Florence; thus, mastic, calaphena, opoponax, sarcocolla—

Col.'s Sist. Sarco-halter! what comfort is i' this to a poor gentlewoman? Pray tell me in plain terms what you think of him?

Surg. Marry, in plain terms I do not know what to say to him; the wound, I can assure you, inclines to paralism, and I find his body cacochymic; being then in fear of fever and inflammation, I nourish him altogether with viands refrigerative, and give for potion the juice of savicola dissolved with water cerefolium; I could do no more, lady, if his best ginglymus were dissevered. —[*Exit.*

It seems the wound required to be twice cauterized; the Surgeon says, Act V, 1:

Marry, I must tell you the wound was fain to be twice corroded; 'twas a plain gastrolophe, and a deep one; but I closed the lips on't with bandages and sutures, which is a kind conjunction of the parts separated against the course of nature.

Most of the terms used by this learned Theban are readily understood, but one or two require a passing word. What is meant by "chilis" I cannot tell; the word is probably corrupt. The hypericon is St. John's wort, a vulnerary famous even to this day. I do not know what calaphena is unless it be a misprint for sagapenum. The dressing for the wound was to consist of orris root, gum mastic, calaphena, opoponax and sarcocolla; three highly aromatic gum-resins held together by isinglass as a vehicle; surely this was a good antiseptic application, though somewhat difficult to clean off. What *savicola* is I do not know, but the cerefolium is the chærophyllum or chervil.

Francis Beaumont, in his elegy on the death of the Countess of Rutland (the daughter of Sir Philip Sydney), indulges in a furious tirade against her physicians; after exclaiming against their venality and ignorance, he gives this explanation of why they failed to save the countess, though they might cure common persons:

> And I will show
> The hidden reason why you did not know
> The way to cure her: you believ'd her blood
> Ran in such courses as you understood
> By lectures: you believ'd her arteries
> Grew as they do in your anatomies,
> Forgetting that the State allows you none
> But only whores and thieves to practise on;
> And every passage 'bout them I am sure
> You understand, and only such can cure;
> Which is the cause that both yourselves and wives
> Are noted for enjoying so long lives.
> But noble blood treads in too strange a path
> For your ill-got experience, and hath
> Another way of cure. If you had seen
> Penelope dissected, or the Queen
> Of Sheba, then you might have found a way
> To have preserv'd her from that fatal day.
> As 'tis, you have but made her sooner blest,
> By sending her to Heaven, where let her rest;
> I will not hurt the peace which she should have,
> By longer looking in the quiet grave.

You will notice the reference to the provision made for dissection, "anatomies," as the poet terms them, by supplying the bodies of those dying in prison.

In the following spirited passage the ingratitude experienced by the Surgeon and the Soldier when the danger is past is well described:

What wise man,
That, with judicious eyes, looks on a soldier,
But must confess that fortune's swing is more
O'er that profession, than all kinds else
Of life pursued by man? They, in a state,
Are but as surgeons to wounded men,
E'en desperate in their hopes. While pain and anguish
Make them blaspheme and call in vain for death,
Their wives and children kiss the surgeon's knees,
Promise him mountains, if his saving hand
Restore the tortur'd wretch to former strength;
But when grim death, by Æsculapius' art,
Is frighted from the house, and health appears
In sanguine colors on the sick man's face,
All is forgot; and, asking his reward,
He's paid with curses, often receives wounds
From him whose wounds he cured: so soldiers,
Though of more worth and use, meet the same fate,
As it is too apparent. I have observ'd
When horrid Mars, the touch of whose rough hand
With palsies shakes a kingdom, hath put on
His dreadful helmet, and with terror fills
The place where he, like an unwelcome guest,
Resolves to revel, how the lords of her, like
The tradesman, merchant, and litigious pleader,
And such like scarabs bred in the dung of peace,
In hope of their protection, humbly offer
Their daughters to their beds, heirs to their service,
And wash with tears their sweat, their dust, their scars;
But when those clouds of war that menaced
A bloody deluge to the affrighted state,
Are, by their breath, dispersed, and overblown,
And famine, blood, and death, Bellona's pages,
Whipt from the quiet continent to Thrace;
Soldiers, that, like the foolish hedge-sparrow,
To their own ruin, hatch this cuckoo, peace,
Are straight thought burthensome; since want of means,
Growing from want of action, breeds contempt;
And that, the worst of ills, falls to their lot,
Their service, with the danger, soon forgot.

—Massinger, The Picture, 1630, II, 2.

An older writer has tersely described the ingratitude of the recovered patient, in an epigram in Timothie Kendall's Flowers of Epigrams, 1577:

OF PHISITIONS.

Three faces the Phisition hath
  first as an Angell he
When he is sought: next when he helpes
  a God he semes to be.
And last of all, when he hath made
  the sicke deseased well,
And asks his guerdon, then he semes
  an ougly Fiend of Hell.

Here is a scene from a play of the famous George Chapman. He was dramatist, poet, scholar, and his fine though rugged translation of Homer holds its own to this day with all other versions. The play is All Fools, 1605.

Dariotto has received a slight wound in the head in a chance encounter, when enter Page with Francis Pock the surgeon; Valerio says:

What thinkest thou of this gentleman's wound, Pock; canst thou cure it, Pock?

Pock. The incision is not deep, nor the orifice exorbitant; the pericranion is not dislocated. I warrant his life for forty crowns, without perishing of any joint.

Dariotto. 'Faith, Pock, 'tis a joint I would be loth to lose for the best joint of mutton in Italy.

(Note. This is a free allusion. A mutton, or laced mutton, was a common term for a *buona roba* or lady of pleasure)

Rinaldo. Would such a scratch as this hazard a man's head?

Pock. Ay, by 'r lady, Sir: I have known some have lost their heads from a less matter, I can tell you; therefore, Sir, you must keep good diet; if you please to come home to my house till you be perfectly cured, I shall have the more care on you.

Valerio. That 's your only course to have it well quickly.

Pock. By what time would he have it well, Sir?

Dariotto. A very necessary question; canst thou limit the time?

Pock. Oh, Sir, cures are like causes in law, which may be lengthened or shortened at the direction of lawyer; he can either keep it green with replications or rejoinders, or sometimes skin it fair a th' outside for fashion's sake; but so he may be sure 'twill break out again by a writ of error, and then has he his suit new to begin; but

I will covenant with you, that by such a time I'll make your head as sound as a bell; I will bring it to suppuration, after I will make it coagulate and grow to a perfect cicatrice, and all within these ten days, so you keep a good diet.

Dariotto. Well, come, Pock, we 'll talk further on 't within.

A surgeon of rather more firmness is found in Beaumont and Fletcher's play of The Chances, 1621, III, 2. Antonio, who has received several wounds, is a most unruly patient, demanding wine, decrying the food provided for him, and abusing his surgeon, who, he says, has so dressed his wounds that he looks like the figure of the signs of the zodiac in the almanacks; one of his friends remonstrates with him:

Fy, Antonio,
You must be governed.
Antonio. He has given me a damned glyster
Only of sand and snow-water, gentlemen,
Has almost scowred my guts out.
Surgeon. I have given you that, Sir,
Is fittest for your state.
Antonio. And here he feeds me
With rotten ends of rooks, and drowned chickens,
Stewed pericraniums and pia-maters;
And when I go to bed (by Heaven 'tis true, gentlemen),
He rolls me up in lints with labels at 'em,
That I am just the man i' th' almanack,
My head and face is Aries' place.

This ungovernable patient insists on having music and song while he is "opened," as he terms it, that is, has his wounds dressed. He enquires of the surgeon how long he will take to cure him, who replies "forty days"; on which Antonio exclaims:

I have a dog shall lick me whole in twenty,
. . .
Good man-mender,
Stop me up with parsley, like stuffed beef,
And let me walk abroad.

Amongst the more or less occult mysteries of medicine the weapon-salve offered a tempting bait to the credulous, and a ready profit to the quack doctor who furnished it. Henry Glapthorne, a dramatist almost forgotten, wrote a play in 1635 in which Doctor Artlesse and his man Urinall are important personages. Urinall, who is a ready-witted knave,

has met with a young Dutchman named Sconce, who is anxious to figure among the swaggering blades of the town, but being rather lacking in courage, he has purchased a box of the famous salve from the aforesaid Urinall. The scene thus begins:

Sconce. But you are certaine *Urinall* this oyntement is Orthodoxall; may I without error in my faith believe this same the weapon salve Authenticall?

Urin. Yes, and infallibly the creame of weapon salves, the simples which doe concurre to th' composition of it, speake it most sublime stuffe; tis the rich Antidote that scorns the steele, and bids the iron be in peace with men, or rust: *Aurelius Bombastus Paracelsus*, was the first inventer of this admirable Unguent.

Sconce. He was my Country-man, and held an Errant Conjurer.

Urin. The Devil he was as soone: an excellent Naturallist, & that was all upon my knowledge, Mr. *Sconce*; and tis thought my master comes very neare him in the secrets concerning bodies Physicall, as Herbes, Roots, Plants vegetable and radicall, out of whose quintessence, mixt with some hidden causes, he does extract this famous weapon salve, of which you are now master.

Urinall continues to regale the ears of Master Sconce with wonderful stories of the cures effected by anointing the weapon which had inflicted the wound, and ends with a most convincing incident. A great explosion of gunpowder had taken place on some celebration and threescore persons were blown up, yet, says Urinall:

Thirty of their
lives my Master saved.

Sconce. Rarer, and rarer yet: But how, good Urinall?

Urinall. He dressed the smoake of the powder as it flew up, Sir, and it healed them perfectly.

Later on Sconce has occasion to use the famous remedy after receiving a slight wound in the arm, and a pleasant discussion takes place in which he and his friend Fortresse, with Doctor Artlesse and a gentleman named Freewit, took part. Freewit begins:

I have seen experience of this weapon salve, and by its
Most mysterious working knowne some men hurt, past the
Helpe of surgery recover'd. . . . Yet I cannot
With my laborious industry invent
A reason why it should doe this, and therefore
Transcending naturall causes, I conclude
The use unlawfull.

. . .

Doct. But pray sir, why should it be unlawfull?
Free. Cause Conscience and religion disallow
In the recovery of our impair'd healths,
The assistance of a medicine made by charms,
Or subtle spells of witchcraft.

. . .

Doct. Conceive you this to be compounded so?
Free. Ile prove it, master Doctor.

. . .

Yet to avoide a tedious argument,
Since our contention 's only for discourse,
And to instruct my knowledge, pray tell me,
Affirme you not that this same salve will cure
At any distance (as if the person hurt
Should be at Yorke) the weapon, dres'd at London,
On which his blood is.
Doct. All this is granted 'twill.

. . .

Free. Out of your words, sir, Ile prove it Diabolicall, no cause
Naturall begets the most contemn'd effect,
Without a passage through the meanes; the fire
Cannot produce another fire until
It be apply'd to subject apt to take
Its flaming forme, nor can a naturall cause,
Worke at incompetent space: how then can this
Neither consign'd to th' matter upon which
Its operation is to cause effect,
Nay at so farre a distance, worke so great
And admirable a cure beyond the reach
And law of nature; yet by you maintain'd,
A Naturall lawful agent, what dull sence can credit it?

. . .

Doct. Sir, you speake reason, I must confesse, but every cause
Workes not the same way; we distinguish thus:
Some by a Physicall and reall touch
Produce: So Carvers hewing the rough Marble,
Frame a well polish'd statue: but there is
A virtuall contact too; which other causes
Imploy in acting their more rare effects.
So the bright Sun does in the solid earth,
By the infusive vertue of his raies,
Convert the sordid substance of the mould
To Mines of Mettall, and the piercing ayre
By cold reflexion so ingenders Ice;
And yet you cannot say the chilly hand
Of ayre, or quickning fingers of the Sunne,
Really touch the water or the earth.

The Load-stone so by operative force,
Causes the Iron which has felt his touch,
To attract another Iron; nay, the Needle
Of the ship guiding compasse, to respect
The cold Pole Articke; just so the salve workes,
Certain hidden causes convey its powerfull
Vertue to the wound from the annointed
Weapon, and reduce it to welcome soundnesse.

. . .

Free. This, Mr. Doctor, is
A weake evasion, and your purities
Have small affinity;

. . . .

But that this,
This weapon salve, a compound, should affect
More than the purest bodies can, by wayes
More wonderfull than they doe, as apply'd
Unto a sword a body voyd of life,
Yet it must give life, or at least preserve it.

. . .

Doct. You mistake, it does not,
Tis the blood sticking to the sword atchieves
The cure: there is a reall sympathy
Twixt it, and that which has the juyce of life,
Moystens the body wounded.

. . .

Free. You may as well
Report a reall sympathy betweene
The nimble soule in its swift flight to heaven,
And the cold carkasse it has lately left,
As a loath'd habitation; blood, when like
The sap of Trees, which weepes upon the Axe
Whose cruell edge does from the aged Trunke
Dissever the green Branches from the Veines,
Ravish'd, forgoes his native heate, and has
No more relation to the rest, than some
Desertlesse servant, whom the Lord casts off,
Has to his vertuous fellowes.

Among other somewhat unusual medical treatment, the inspiring courage in a cold-blooded youth by appropriate diet and training is thus told of in Love's Cure, III, 2, 1622:

Piorato. Then for ten days did I diet him
Only with burnt pork, sir, and gammons of bacon:
A pill of caviary now and then
Which breeds choler adust, you know—

Bobadillo. 'Tis true.
Piorato. And to purge phlegmatic humours and cold crudities,
In all that time he drank me *aqua-fortis*,
And nothing else but—
Bobadillo. *Aqua-vitæ*, signior,
For *aqua-fortis* poisons.
Piorato. *Aqua-fortis*,
I say again ; what's one man's poison, signior,
Is another's meat or drink.
Bobadillo. Your patience, Sir ;
By your good patience, h'ad a huge cold stomach.
Piorato. I fir'd it, and gave him then three sweats,
In the Artillery Yard, three drilling days ;
And now he'll shoot a gun, and draw a sword,
And fight, with any man in Christendom.
Bobadillo. A receipt for a coward ! I'll be bold, Sir,
To write your good prescription.
Piorato. Sir, hereafter
You shall, and underneath put *probatum*.

In introducing the subject of the venereal disease as next in order for illustration, it is right to say a few words as to the value of such illustrations for critical or historical purposes. It must be borne in mind that satirical writers or dramatic poets would be naturally prone to treat the matter from a ludicrous point of view. An element of the comic seems to be an essential part of familiar descriptions of the consequences of engaging in the wars of Venus, and we should not, therefore, accept without some caution the canons of treatment laid down in the plays. Nevertheless, there are so many allusions to the "wood," as it was termed, meaning guaiacum, to the sweating process known as "the tub," to special forms of diet, as well as to manifestations of the ravages of the disease, that altogether it forms a very curious illustration of the popular belief as to the widespread nature of the poison and its appropriate treatment. Hensler, referring to the lack of any description of disease of the genital organs, produced by coitus, in such writers as Horace, Martial, or Juvenal, makes use of the curious argument that in his time neither amorous nor serious poets were accustomed to allude to such an awkward subject, *and yet the disease existed.* Certainly Martial cannot be supposed to have been restrained from saying what he pleased by any motives of delicacy, and

considering the minuteness with which he details the physical effects of pederasty, it is a fair argument that had he known of any contagious disease of the genital organs proper, the result of coition, he would have lavished his wit upon so tempting a subject in endless epigrams. But of the existence of a very general knowledge of venereal disease in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in England, the following qnotations will leave no doubt.

It is not, of course, my intention to enter into the vexed question of the first appearance of syphilis. Whether it can be identified in classic, oriental, or bible writings—whether it originated at the siege of Naples, or was brought from the West Indies by the Spanish discoverers—all of this has been debated vehemently, and it is perhaps a still unsettled question. I must, however, remind you of certain dates. The year 1493, during which the siege of Naples was progressing and Charles VII arrived to take command, has been usually taken to be the year in which the disease became virulent and epidemic. In 1494 it was spoken of as *morbus gallicus*, and as early as 1508 guaiacum was being used as a remedy for it.

The earliest allusion to the scourge which I have met with in general literature is in an old Scottish poem called Rowll's Cursing. It forms part of the Bannatyne MSS. dating from 1492 to 1503, and is published in Sibbald's "Chronicle of Scottish poetry from the thirteenth century to the union of the Crowns," Edinb., 1802, 4 vols. The passage in question is at p. 331 of Vol. I:

> Now cursit and wareit be thair werd
> Quhyll thay be levand on this erd;
> Hunger, sturt, and tribulation,
> And never to be without vexation. . . .
> The paneful gravel and the gutt,
> The gulsoch that thay nevir be but,
> The stranyolis, and the grit glengor,
> The hairschott lippis them before.

In plain English it is as follows:

> Now cursed and accursed be their fate,
> While they be living on this earth;
> Hunger, strife, and tribulation
> And never to be without vexation. . . .

> The painful gravel and the gout,
> The jaundice that they never be without,
> The strangury and the *great glengor*.

The *gulsoch* is the jaundice; in Low Dutch it is still called *gheelsucht*, or yellow disease. *Stranyolis* is from *strang*, old Scotch for urine which has been retained until it is *strang* or malodorous. The term which concerns us is the *great glengor*. Jamieson in his Scottish Dictionary defines it under various spellings, as *lues venerea*, derives it from old French *gorre*, a sow, and gives the doubtful suggestion that it might have been *glandgore*. How the word sow came to be applied in this connection I cannot explain. You will doubtless remember a similar etymology for the Greek word indicating the especially faulty organ.

In the French and English dictionary of Randle Cotgrave, first published in 1611, is the following definition under *Gorre*, f. a sow (also the French pockes. *Norm.*); also bravery, gallantness, gorgeousness, etc. *Femmes à la grande gorre*. Huffing or flaunting wenches; costlie or stately dames.

This is not the only instance of the application of the name of an animal to the venereal disease. I shall shortly have to speak of the "Winchester goose," and in the campaign of the British army in the Peninsula in the Napoleon wars the name of "the black lion" was given to an extremely destructive form of syphilitic ulceration.

It is not surprising that the vindictive Scotchman should have included the "grand-gorre" among his curses, and the unsavory objurgation, in the shape of 'pox take you,' or 'pox on it,' survived to quite recent times. The word did not always mean the venereal disease. Thus Dr. Donne writes to his sister: "At my return from Kent I found Pegge had the poxe; I humbly thank God it hath not disfigured her." The prefix of great, the great-pox, in contradistinction to the small-pox was common enough, and in France *la grande verolle* and *la petite verolle* were in like contrast. You will remember the *mot* of Louis XIV when it was announced in the circle that an actress famous for her amours had just died of the small-pox. "It was very modest of her," said the king.

The nomenclature of the venereal disease is very extensive. I shall only touch upon those names referred to in the poets.

In a play by Nash, Pierce Pennilesse, 1592, is this passage: "But *cucullus non facit monachum*—'tis not their newe bonnets will keepe them from the old boan-ache." This most appropriate name is employed also by Shakespeare. Words or allusions indicating its French origin are endless, and its Italian source is not forgotten. Florio in his Worlde of Wordes, 1598, has the verb *infranchiosare*, to infect or to be infected with the French poxe; to frenchifie. And on the other hand, the Frenchman Motteux, in his translation of Rabelais, which is a perfect treasury of quaint old English, makes Friar John say: "He looks as if he had been struck over the nose with a Naples cowl-staff." It is amusing to observe how these compliments are reciprocated. In a translation of the Colloquies of Erasmus, by Sir Roger L'Estrange, is this passage: "*C.* Your chin, too, looks as it were stuck with rubies. *S.* That's a small matter. *C.* Some blow with a French faggot-stick (as they say). *S.* Right, it was my third clap, and it had like to have been my last."

There is a name for syphilis of which I have met with but one instance, namely, *the marbles*. I presume it to have arisen from the chain of enlarged glands in the groin characteristic of the disease. In the Harleian Miscellanies is a play entitled A Quip for an Upstart Courtier, 1592, and in it one says to the doctor: "Neither doe I frequent whorehouses to catch the marbles, and so to prove your patient."

"The scab" was a very common appellation, often used vituperatively, as in some lines of that most charming lyric poet, Robert Herrick. It refers to one of his books and is addressed

To the Sowre Reader.

If thou dislik'st the piece thou light'st on first,
Thinke that, of all that I have writ, the worst.
But if thou read'st my booke unto the end,
And still dost this and that verse reprehend,
O perverse man! If all disgustfull be,
The extreme scabbe take thee and thine, for me.

Again, in The Sea Voyage, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

Is thy skin whole? Art thou not purl'd with scabs?
No ancient monuments of Madam Venus?

And in The Dutch Courtezan by Marston:

Is a great lord a foole, you must say he is weake. Is a gallant pocky, you must say he has the court-skab.

One of the oddest and oldest terms in the copious nomenclature of the venereal disease is the *Winchester goose.* There is no doubt as to its origin. In the early days of London the Bankside was a continuous row of brothels near the river, which were under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Winchester, and the victim who suffered the usual consequences of a visit to this tainted locality was called a Winchester goose. In course of time the term was applied to the disease itself, and the allusions to it in the old writers are very frequent. John Taylor, the Water Poet, who was intimately acquainted with all river-side customs and phrases, calls it

A groyne bumpe, or a goose from Winchester,

and the Nomenclator, one of the earliest English dictionaries, published in 1585, defines it as "a sore in the grine or yard, which if it come by letcherie, it is called a Winchester goose, or a botch." In Ben Jonson's Underwoods is this passage:

And this a sparkle of that fire let loose
That was rak'd up in the Wincestrian Goose,
Bred on the Bank in times of popery
When Venus there maintain'd the mystery.

Shakespeare has more than one allusion to the goose of Win chester. In an early manuscript entitled The Pennyless Parliament, preserved in the Harleian Miscellany, it is spoken of as the pigeon, and a satirical advice follows for the means of avoiding it: "Those that play fast and loose with women's apron-strings may chance make a journey for a Winchester pigeon; for prevention thereof, drink every morning a draught of *noli me tangere,* and by that means thou shalt be sure to escape the physician's purgatory." In Webster's play of Westward hoe! 1607, Act III, Scene 3, there is an elaborate account of the origin of the term Winchester goose, but it is too lengthy for present quotation.

There are many and even copious allusions in the dramatists and poets to the treatment of syphilis by two methods: the one by sweating in the tub, and the other by guaiacum administered in decoction, the two methods being combined, or the latter following the former.

The earliest representation of the famous tub is, I believe, in the works of Ambrose Paré, page 598 of the edition of 1575. It is rather a cask than a tub. The patient was seated inside on a perforated stool beneath which hot bricks or stones were placed. Through a small trapdoor in the side of the tub a mixture of vinegar and brandy was thrown upon the heated bricks and the steam was confined by a sheet fastened round the patient's neck. In England the common tub used for salting meat, 'powdering' it, as the term then was, seems to have been employed. The humorous allusions to this double use are frequent. In Measure for Measure, the clown, speaking of Mistress Overdone, the bawd, says: "Troth, Sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is herself in the tub." The writer of an article in the January number of Harper's Magazine, on Shakesperean phrases in use in the United States, is much puzzled by this phrase of "in the tub," being evidently unaware of its meaning. He suggests that the expression of "in the soup" has like application. In Timon of Athens, IV, 3, is this passage:

> bring down rose-cheeked youth
> To the tub-fast and the diet.

Sometimes an oven, or a hole in the ground, was used for the sweating, and in every case a strict diet was enforced. Dry food, and above all "burnt" or overdone mutton, cut by choice from the rack or neck, was alone to be had. The quotations will give all this in full. The first is from Beaumont and Fletcher's play of The Knight of the Burning Pestle, 1613, III, 5. It is, I think, intended partly as a burlesque on the style of Spenser's Faerie Queene. A knight and lady are imprisoned in a cave where they are tortured by a giant. The knight had carried off his "lady dear" from her friends in Turnbull Street, a locality like the Bankside, notorious for houses of prostitution. He begins:

> I am an errant-knight that followed arms
> With spear and shield; and in my tender years
> I stricken was with Cupid's fiery shaft,
> And fell in love with this my lady dear,
> And stole her from her friends in Turnbull-Street;
> And bore her up and down from town to town,
> Where we did eat and drink and music hear;

Till at the length at this unhappy town
We did arrive and coming to this cave,
This beast us caught, and put us in a tub
Where we this two months sweat, and should have done
Another month if you had not reliev'd us.
Woman. This bread and water hath our diet been,
Together with a rib cut from a neck
Of burned mutton; hard hath been our fare;
Release us from this ugly giant's snare.
Man. This hath been all the food we have receiv'd;
But only twice a day, for novelty,
He gave a spoonful of this hearty broth
To each of us through this same slender quill.
(*Pulls out a syringe.*)

In the comedy of Honest Man's Fortune, by the same authors, 1613, V, 3, there is this reproach to a libertine:

All women that on earth do dwell, thou lovest,
Yet none that understand love thee again,
But those that love the spital. Get thee home,
Poor painted butterfly! Thy summer's past;
Go, sweat, and eat dry mutton.

So of a similar gallant in Middleton's Michaelmas Term, 1607, I, 1:

He'll be laid shortly;
Let him gorge venison for a time, our doctors
Will bring him to dry mutton.

The loss of hair from syphilitic disease did not escape the observation of the satiric poets, and the allusions to French crowns and nightcaps are endless. There is a poem called "A fig for Momus," published in 1595. I have not seen it, but quote from Beloe, who says it is the oldest satire in the language.

Last day I chaunst in crossing of the street,
With Diffilus the innkeeper to meet.
He wore a silken nightcap on his head,
And looked as if he had been lately dead;
I askt him how he far'd; not well, quoth he,
An ague this two months hath troubled me.
I let him passe, and laught to hear his skuce,
For I knew well he had the pox by Luce,
And wore his night-cappe ribbin'd at the ears,
Because of late he swet away his heares.

In Your Five Gallants, Middleton, 1608, I, 1:

"He's in his third sweat by this time, sipping of the doctor's bottle, or picking the ninth part of a rack of mutton dry-roasted, with a leash of nightcaps on his head like the pope's triple crown, and as many pillows crushed to his back."

George Farquhar, the dramatist, in one of his poems speaks more hopefully to one who has been in the "powdering tub."

> You will revive, the pox expire,
> Then rise like phœnix from the fire.
> The metal's stronger that's once soldered,
> And beef keeps sweeter once 'tis powdered.

Many of my quotations speak of a "Cornelius tub," or "Cornelius's tub." How the name came to be applied, or who Cornelius was, I have been unable to discover. Sometimes it is "Cornelius's dry-fat," but a dry-fat, or dry-vat, is an old-fashioned name for a box or cask.

In Armin's Nest of Ninnies, 1608, one says of the students: "And when they should study in private with Diogenes in his cell, they are with Cornelius in his tub."

It was natural that the old story of Diogenes and his tub should present an opportunity for the gibe of the satirist. In Cotgrave's English Treasury of Wit and Language, 1655, p. 221, is this epigram:

> As for Diogenes, that fasted much,
> And took his habitation in a tub,
> To make the world believe he loved a strict
> And severe life, he took the dyet, sir, and in
> That very tub sweat for the French disease.
> And some unlearn'd apothecary since
> Mistaking 's name, call'd it Cornelius tub.

How early the system of treating syphilis by sweating was introduced cannot, I suppose, be settled, but Rabelais has a characteristic reference to it, book II, chapter 2, which contains also a satisfactory explanation of how the sea was made and came to be salt. I quote Motteux's translation, which in this instance is exact:

"The earth at that time was so exceedingly heated that it fell into an enormous sweat, yea, such an one that made it sweat out the sea, which is therefore salt, because all sweat is salt; and this you cannot but confess to be true if you will

taste of your own, or of those that have the pox when they are put into a sweating; it is all one to me." This was written before 1532.

There is a curious example in connection with the diet of how an old system may put on a new birth. In 1817 a Frenchman named Gandy wrote a thesis in which he highly lauded the treatment of syphilis by the dry method, namely, dry food and but little of it. The treatise attracted but little notice, but about thirty years later this method of treatment was tried at the Hôtel-Dieu of Marseilles with some success. It was called the Arabic method, as the secret of it had been communicated, so it was said, to the hospital surgeons by an Arab. The diet consisted exclusively of dry biscuits, nuts, dried almonds, figs and raisins. A tisan made from sarsaparilla, China root and cloves was freely given, and a mercurial pill was administered thrice daily. The latest account of this treatment was written in 1860. Two hundred years before, the famous Mrs. Aphra Behn wrote what she termed "A letter to a brother of the pen in tribulation," and you will see how closely the descriptions agree as to the diet. The word *tabernacler* was applied to street preachers of the time, such as the notorious Orator Henley, who were accustomed to preach from a cask or tub:

> Poor Damon! art thou caught? Is't even so?
> Art thou become a *Tabernacler* too?
> When sure thou dost not mean to preach or pray,
> Unless it be the clean contrary way;
> This holy time * I little thought thy sin
> Deserv'd a tub to do its penance in.
> O, how you'll for th' Egyptian flesh-pots wish,
> When you're half famish'd with your lenten dish,
> Your almonds, currants, biscuits, hard and dry,
> Food that will soul and body mortify;
> Damned penitential drink, that will infuse
> Dull principles into thy grateful muse.

There is yet another powerful method of sweating which would have greatly pleased the late Doctor Hewson, the enthusiastic advocate of the dry-earth treatment. It is from D'Avenant's play of The Wits, 1636, Act IV, Scene 1:

---

* Lent.

Though I endured the diet and the flux,
Lay seven days buried up to the lips like a
Diseas'd sad Indian in warm sand, whilst his
Afflicted female wipes his salt foam off
With her own hair, feeds him with buds of guacum
For his sallad, and pulp of salsa for
His bread; I say all this endur'd, would not
Concern my face.* Nothing can decline that.

Salsa was probably sassafras, the Spanish name for which was *salsafras.*

I shall conclude these illustrations of the history of syphilis with one capital scene from The Picture, by Massinger, 1630, Act IV, Scene 2. Ubaldo and Ricardo are both in love with Sophia, who first listens to Ubaldo's account of his rival.

Sophia. How! is he not wholesome?
Ubaldo. Wholesome! I'll tell you for your own good; he is
A spittle of diseases, and, indeed,
More loathsome and infectious; the tub is
His weekly bath; he hath not drank this seven years,
Before he came to your house, but composition
Of sassafras and guaicum; and dry mutton
His daily potion; name what scratch soever
Can be got by women, and the surgeons will resolve you,
At this time, or that, Ricardo had it.
Sophia. Bless me from him!
Ubaldo. 'Tis a good prayer, lady,
It being a degree unto the pox,
Only to mention him; if my tongue burn not, hang me,
When I but name Ricardo.

After Ubaldo has been dismissed by Sophia, who is entertaining both him and his friend, Ricardo, with illusive hopes, Ricardo is introduced, and proceeds to traduce his friend, as follows:

Ricardo. He did not touch your lips?
Sophia. Yes, I assure you.
There was no danger in it?
Ricardo. No! eat presently
These lozenges of forty crowns an ounce,
Or you are undone.
Sophia. What is the virtue of them?

---

*Make me look concerned.

Ricardo. They are preservatives against stinking breath
Rising from rotten lungs.
Sophia. If so, your carriage
Of such dear antidotes, in my opinion,
May render yours suspected.
Ricardo. Fie! no; I use them
When I talk with him, I should be poisoned else.
But I'll be free with you; he was once a creature,
It may be of God's making, but long since
He is turn'd to a druggist's shop; the spring and fall
Hold all the year with him; that he lives he owes
To art, not nature; she has given him o'er.
He moves like the fairy king, on screws and wheels,
Made by his doctor's recipes, and yet still
They are out of joint, and every day repairing.
. . .
He's acquainted
With the green-water, and the spitting pill 's
Familiar to him; in a frosty morning
You may thrust him in a pottle-pot; his bones
Rattle in his skin, like beans toss'd in a bladder.
If he but hear a coach, the fomentation,
The friction with fumigation, cannot save him
From the chine-evil. In a word, he is
Not one disease, but all; yet, being my friend,
I will forbear his character, for I would not
Wrong him in your opinion.

Distinct allusions to gonorrhœa are, as might be supposed, comparatively infrequent in the older dramatists, though common enough in the plays of the 18th century. How early syringes were employed in the treatment of the disease I do not know, but in most of the instances in which they are named in the drama, "birding pills" are also spoken of, and the "green-water" is frequently alluded to. The term "bird" was a familiar one in those days to denote the venal fair who bestowed her favors, with their not infrequent penalties, upon all comers. The expressions "to go a birding," "birding pills" and "birding syringes," which are often used, have obvious meanings. What the "birding-pill" contained I cannot say, but it was probably composed of Chio turpentine; the "spitting-pill" of course consisted of mercury in some form, generally the old-fashioned blue pill. The "green-water" has a rather interesting history. It was a decoction

made from the herb clary, the *Salvia sclarea.* The various plants of the sage family have mostly disappeared from pharmacopœias, but they are still used in household medicine. Captain John G. Bourke, 3d Cavalry, in a recent article on the Folk-foods of the Rio Grande Valley, tells how he once arrived at a convent, hot, thirsty, and exhausted, after a long ride, and was refused the cold water which he demanded. The good priest said that it was only Americans who would drink cold water when heated, and sent for some "chié" seeds and steeped them in water which became speedily mucilaginous. This was administered to him in small quantities, and he declares that its effect in removing his thirst and fever and restoring his voice was surprising. He did not know what plant the seeds came from. Now *chia* is the name given to the seeds of more than one species of wild sage, and it is a popular remedy in the form of a tea in the States on the Mexican border. The "green-water" of the poet was made from the heads of the clary plant, and doubtless contained some mucilage from the seeds. As a demulcent it would rank with the barley water and flaxseed tea which are still ordered as diet drinks for the unlucky victims of "birding."

In the following passage from The Chances, 1621, III, 1, Don John has offended Dame Gillian, his old nurse, who retorts upon him thus:

Gillian. Well, Don John,
There will be times again when, "Oh, good mother,
What 's good for a carnosity in the bladder?
Oh, the green water, mother!"
Don John. Doting take you!
Do you remember that?
Gillian. "Clary, sweet mother, clary!"
Fred. Are you satisfied?
Gillian. "I'll never whore again; never give petticoats
And waistcoats at five pounds a piece! Good mother!
Quickly, mother!" Now mock on, Son.

Later on Dame Gillian says of her hopeful charge:

He 's ne'er without a noise of syringes
In 's pocket (those proclaim him), birding-pills,
Waters to cool his conscience, in small vials,
With thousand such sufficient emblems.—[III, 4.

The term "carnosity of the bladder" is significant of the supposed pathology of gonorrhœa.

Sage is also recommended as a spring medicine:

> Now butter with a leaf of sage, to purge the blood;
> Fly Venus and phlebotomy, for they are neither good."
> —Knight of the Burning Pestle, III, 4.

There is an amusing passage in a play by Shadwell, The Virtuoso, 1676, which in a coarse way exhibits the manners of the time at the theatres. Speaking of certain young bloods, one says:

"Such as come drunk and screaming into a play house, and stand upon the benches, and toss their full perriwigs and empty heads, and with their shrill unbroken pipes cry, *Damme, this is a damn'd play. Prythee let's to a whore, Jack.* Then says another with great gallantry, pulling out his box of pills, *Damme, Tom, I am not in a condition; here's my turpentine for my third clap;* when you would think he was not old enough to be able to get one."—I, 1.

We complain somewhat in our own day of theatre ill manners, but such an exhibition of insolent debauchery as that just quoted seems almost incredible. That it was not uncommon, even at a later period, is shown by a passage in the play of The English Friar, by John Crowne, 1690, Act I, Scene 1, where Lord Stately says:

"Ay, there's a folly reigns among us; your young fellows now are proud of having no manners, no sense, no learning, no religion, no good nature; and boast of being fops and sots and pox'd in order to be admired."

Closing the references to the venereal disease with this quotation, I shall occupy a few moments more of your time with some passages illustrating what I have termed miscellaneous medical subjects.

The domestic treatment for hysteria, or a fit of the mother, as they termed it, was not lacking in potency. In The Magnetic Lady, by Ben Jonson, 1632, V, 1, Item says:

> What had she then?
> *Needles.* Only a fit of the mother;
> They burnt old shoes, goose-feathers, asafœtida,
> A few horn-shavings, with a bone or two,
> And she is well again about the house.

Here is a forcible application of the frequent term of "good surgery" as applied to the body politic. It is from The Muse's Looking Glass, a play by Randolph, 1638:

> The land wants such
> As dare with rigour execute her laws;
> Her fester'd members must be lanc'd and tented.
> He 's a bad surgeon that for pity spares
> The part corrupted till the gangrene spreads
> And all the body perish. He that 's merciful
> Unto the bad, is cruel to the good.
> The pillory must cure the ear's diseases;
> The stocks the foot's offences; let the back
> Bear her own sin, and her rank blood purge forth
> By the phlebotomy of a whipping-post.

Clysters are more often mentioned in French than in English plays. In a comedy published in Paris in 1683, termed *Le Mercure galant*, there is a droll name given to the apothecary. This functionary, as we know, was accustomed to carry his immense syringe duly charged and resting on an appropriate tray, with ostentatious publicity to the patient's residence. Kneeling at the bedside while the patient discreetly presented what an old writer terms "his back face," the compound, consisting mainly of starch and castor oil, was administered. In the play referred to, Oronte says (I give it in English): "Who is this man? Has he any calling?" M. Michaud, the man in question, replies: "Between ourselves, Sir, my grandfather was a kneeling musketeer" (*mousquetaire à genoux*). "What sort of a charge was that?" says the other. "Why," replies Michaud, "it is what the vulgar in their common language call an apothecary."

Florio in his Italian dictionary, 1578, referring to the well known story in Pliny's Natural History that the ibis gives himself a clyster and voids himself upwards, adds the embellishment that the bird uses salt water from preference, and that Hippocrates from watching his proceeding first learned how to give clysters.

A curious precaution seems to have been taken by certain careful fine ladies, previous to attending a long ceremony. The usher says:

Make all things perfect; would you have these ladies
They that come here to see the show, these beauties
That have been labouring to set off their sweetness,
And wash'd, and curl'd, perfumed, and taken glisters
For fear a flaw of wind might overtake 'em,
Lose these and all their expectations?—
Madams, the best way is the upper lodgings;
There you may see at ease.
—Humorous Lieutenant, I, 1. B. & F.

The learned Porson was credited with the authorship of a bit of humor in mock Greek, familiar to us all in our student days, in which the proportion between the secretion of tears and of urine was nicely adjusted, an excess of the former diminishing the supply of the latter. There is a medical application of the same fancy in The Scornful Lady, of Beaumont and Fletcher, 1616, III, 2. An angry lover says:

But if I come,
From this door till I see her will I think
How to rail vilely at her; how to vex her,
And make her cry so much that the physician,
If she falls sick upon it, shall want urine
To find the cause by, and she, remediless,
Die in her heresy.

In that capital piece of fun, "Father Tom and the Pope," the priest, after many potations, is obliged to ask for a certain utensil which he denominates a "looking-glass." The term is not uncommon in the old plays, though its origin was not evident. A passage in one of Webster's plays, The Thracian Wonder, 1661, IV, 2, seems to offer an explanation:

Antonio A looking-glass, I say.
Claudio. You shall, sir, presently; there's one stands under my bed.
Antonio. Why, that's a jordan, fool.
Claudio. So much the better, Father; 'tis but making water in 't, and then you may behold your sweet phisnomy in the clear streams of the river Jordan.

There is, however, a different meaning given to it in a curious work written by a surgeon, namely Festivous Notes to Don Quixote, by Edmund Gayton, 1654, p. 236: "The men running to the close-stooles, the women to the looking or leaking-glasses."

The etymology of jordan is also uncertain. In old French, *jar* means urine, and in Armorican, *dourden*, and in analogous Welch *dur dyn*, have the same signification.

There is, I believe, still to be seen in the apothecaries' shops what is known as *sal prunella*, or alum-nitre, as it was sometimes called. It consists of nitrate of potassium chiefly, and was used as a remedy for a sore throat, small fragments of it being allowed to dissolve slowly in the mouth. In the following passage from The Duchess of Malfy, 1623, it is alluded to, coupled with a sneer at the loud-praying Puritans. It occurs in the fourth act of that very powerful tragedy, when amongst other tortures inflicted on the unhappy duchess whose death has been determined upon, a "Masque of madmen" is introduced. One of them says: "Shall my 'pothecary outgo me because I am a cuckold? I have found out his roguery; he makes alum of his wife's urine, and sells it to Puritans that have sore throats with overstraining."

The allusions in the older writers to "casting the urine," uroscopy, as it is now the fashion to call it, and to the impudent rogueries of the quacks who flourished by it, are too numerous to be taken up on this occasion. In like manner I must pass by the amusing tricks and impostures of the quack-salvers and mountebanks who figure so constantly in the plays of the seventeenth century. I cannot resist, however, giving one example of the latter which I am sure you will enjoy. It is from the play of The Widow, by Ben Jonson and others, *circa* 1616, IV, 2. Latrocinio, the quack, happily named, is receiving his dupes and says:

> You with the rupture there, *hernia in scrotum*,
> Pray let me see you space this morning; walk, sir,
> I'll take your distance straight; 'twas F. O., yesterday;
> Ah, sirrah, here's a simple alteration!
> *Secundo gradu*, ye F. U. already;
> Here's a most happy change. Be of good comfort, sir;
> Your knees are come within three inches now
> Of one another; by to-morrow noon
> I'll make 'em kiss and jostle.

Here, too, are some therapeutic and hygienic maxims for summer. This extract is from Summer's Last Will and Testament, by Nash, 1593. Orion, ruler of the dog-days, says:

While dog-days last the harvest safely thrives ;
The sun burns hot to finish up fruit's growth.
There is no blood-letting to make men weak.
Physicians in their Cataposia
r. little Elinctoria
Masticatorum and Cataplasmata ;
Their gargarisms, clysters and pitch'd cloths,
Their perfumes, syrups, and their triacles
Refrain to poison the sick patients,
And dare not minister till I be out,
Then none will bathe, and so are fewer drown'd.
All lust is perilsome, therefore less us'd.

Cataposia used to mean boluses, but strictly is anything to be swallowed. Elinctoria were medicines to be licked up.

The dog has been credited with an instinctive knowledge of physic and surgery, and his tongue, with which he licks his own wounds, is popularly supposed to have powerful curative virtue. The following verse is from Flowers of Epigrammes, by Timothy Kendall, 1577:

Fower properties praiseworthy sure,
are in the dog to note:
He keepes the house, he feares the thefe
by barking with his throte.
He plays well the Phisition,
with licking tongue he cures ;
Unto his master still he stickes,
and faithful fast endures.

In a play just quoted, Summer's Last Will and Testament, there is a longer account:

That dogs physicians are, thus I infer.
They are ne'er sick but they know their disease,
And find out means to ease them of their grief ;
Special good surgeons to cure dangerous wounds,
For stricken with a stake into the flesh
This policy they use to get it out:
They trail one of their feet upon the ground,
And gnaw the flesh about where the wound is,
Till it be clean drawn out ; and then, because
Ulcers and sores kept foul are hardly cured,
They lick and purify [them] with their tongue,
And well observe Hippocrates' old rule,
The only medicine for the foot is rest ;
For if they have the least hurt in their feet,
They bear them up and look they be not stirr'd.

When humours rise they eat a sovereign herb,
Whereby what clogs their stomach they cast up;
And as some writers of experience tell,
They were the first invented vomiting.

In a passage which has been read you will remember that the irascible Antonio tells his surgeon who has decided that it will require forty days to heal his patient's wounds:

I have a dog shall lick me whole in twenty.

There is a story which Ricord delighted to tell as to his travels in Spain. He employed a farrier who also doctored horses, to attend to his team. The man refused any recompense on the ground that he could not accept a fee from a brother physician. In the Musarum Deliciæ, published in 1636, is this epigram:

A Farrier Physitian.

A neate Physitian for a Farrier sends,
To dress his horses, promising amends;
No (quoth the Farrier), amends is made,
For nothing do we take of our own trade.

An example of the prevailing belief in sympathetic remedies is to be found in the use of fox's lungs as a restorative in certain disorders of the respiration. Reynard is noted for his speed and endurance and consequent long-windedness. His odor seems to have been also thought efficacious. In The White Devil, by John Webster, 1612, IV, 2, is this:

Thou hast stain'd the spotless honour of my house
And frighten'd thence noble society;
Like those which sick o' th' palsy and retain
Ill-scenting foxes 'bout them, are still shun'd
By those of choicer nostrils.

Again in The Devil's Law-case, by the same writer, 1623, III, 3:

This is the man that is your learned counsel,
A fellow that will trowl it off with tongue.
He never goes without restorative powder
Of the lungs of fox in 's pocket, and Malaga raisins
To make him long-winded.

Falstaff carried sugar candy for the same purpose.

In a play by Brome, The English Moor, 1659, I, 3, is this:

Melicent. Where be my bride-maids?
Testy. They wait in your chamber.
Buzzard. The devil a maid 's i' this but my fellow Madge the kitching maid, and Malkin the cat; a batchelor but myself and an old fox that my master has kept a prentiship to palliate his palsie.

Epitaphs abound in medical allusions but are foreign to the present subject, but I am tempted to quote one because of its neat description of two consecutive amputations for gangrene. It is, I suppose, still to be seen in Banbury Churchyard in England, and tells of a young man "who died by a mortification which seized in his toe (his toe and leg both being cut off before he died)."

Ah! cruel Death, to make three meals of one,
To taste, and eat, and eat till all was gone.
But know, thou Tyrant, w^{n} th' last trump shall call,
He 'll find his feet to stand, when thou shalt fall.

The lugubrious drawings of the Dance of Death, which were so popular about the period of the Renaissance, could be well illustrated by passages from the English poets. The skeleton, and especially the skull, offered many temptations for moralizing. In The Revenger's Tragedy, by Tourneur, 1608, Vindici takes up the skull of a former mistress of his prince and says with bitter irony:

Here's an eye
Able to tempt a great man—to serve God.
A pretty laughing lip that has forgot how to dissemble.
Methinks this mouth should make a swearer tremble,
A drunkard clasp his teeth and not undo 'em
To suffer wet damnation to run through 'em.

The term *grip*, which has become so familiar, was an old-time name for Death, expressive of the suddenness with which he seized his prey. Here is an example of its use from a poem by Barnabe Googe, 1563:

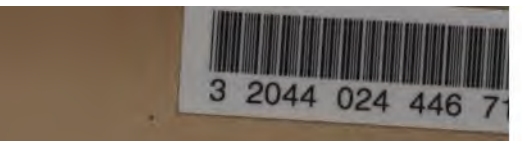
So death our foe
  consumeth all to nought;
Envying these
  with dart doth us oppress;
And that which is
  the greatest grief of all,

The greedy Grip
  doth no estate respect.
But when he comes,
  he makes them down to fall.

In Quentin Durward, Sir Walter Scott, who was deeply read in the old poets, makes Le Balafré observe, in explanation of the dying wish of the Boar of Ardennes whom the former had slain: "Men have queer fancies when old Small-back is gripping them."

I shall close this rather desultory paper with an extract from the author from whom I have just quoted, Barnabe Googe. It describes in a fanciful but impressive way the contest between "Death our foe," and the rich man who is sailing at his ease on the sea of pleasure. The latter is well delineated, and his devotion to sensual enjoyments forcibly portrayed. Then begins the catastrophe:

But in the midst of all his mirth,
  while he suspecteth least,
His happy chance begins to change
  and eke his fleeting feast.
For Death (that old devouring wolf),
  whom good men nothing fear,
Comes sailing fast in galley black,
  and, when he spies him near,
Doth board him straight, and grapples fast,
  and then begins the fight.
In Riot leaps as captain chief,
  and from the mainmast right
He downward comes, and Surfeit then
  assaileth by and by;
Then vile Diseases forward shoves
  with pain and grief thereby.
Life stands aloft and fighteth hard,
  but Pleasure, all aghast,
Doth leave his oar, and out he flies—
  then Death approacheth fast,
And gives the charge so sore that needs
  must Life begin to fly,
Then farewell all; the wretched man
  with carrion corse doth lye,
Whom Death himself flings overboard
  amid the seas of sin,
The place where late he sweetly swam,
  now lies he drowned in.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